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THESAURUS MUSICUS:  
BEING, A  
COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS  
PERFORMED

At His Majesties Theatres; and at the Conforts in  
*Viller-street* in York-buildings, and in *Charles-street*  
*Covent-Garden*. Most of the Songs being within the  
Compas of the *Flute*.

WITH A  
Thorow-Bas to each SONG, for the *Harpsicord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

Composed by most of the Ingenious Masters of the Town.

THE FOURTH BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for John Hudgebutt. And are to be sold by John Carr, at his  
Shop near the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, and Daniel Dring at the *Harrow* and  
*Crown* at the corner of *Cliffords-Inn-Lane* in *Fleetstreet*, where Masters and Shopkeepers may have  
them. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. Price one Shilling Sixpence. 1695.



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BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by John Hudgebutt.

*Theſaurus Muſicus* the 1<sup>st</sup>. 2<sup>d</sup>. 3<sup>d</sup>. and 4<sup>th</sup>. Books.

A Collection of New *AIR S*, Composed for Two *Flutes* with  
*Sonatas*, by ſeveral of the moſt Ingenious Maſters of this Age. Price  
One Shilling Sixpence.



Page 1 & 2 are wanting. 70.

[ 3 ]

A Song made by Mr. Durfey upon a new Country  
Dance, called, Mr. Lane's Magget.



Strike up drowfie Gut-Scrapers, Gallants be ready each with his Lady,



Foot it about till the Night be run out, let no one's Humour pall: Brisk Lads now



cut your Capers, put your Legs to't, and shew you can do't; frisk, frisk it away till the



break of the day, and hey for Richmond Ball. Fortune-biters, Hags, Bum-fighters,



Nymphs of the Woods, and stale Ci-ty-Goods; ye Cherubins, and Saraphins, ye



Caravans, and Haradans, in order all advance; Twittenham-Loobies, Thistleworth-



Boobies, Wits of the Town, and Beans that have none, ye Jacobites as sharp as Pins, ye



and ye Sooterkins, I'll show you all this Dance.

II.

Cast

d Johnny,  
my,  
ou;

I  
T  
L:

fane;

And i

Row:

Then, the

must too,

And

w,

Nim

gh;

Ther

ut,

To th

e out,

meet

below.

Pass, then cross,  
Then Jack's pretty Lass,  
Then turn her about, about and about;  
And, Jacky if you can do so too  
With Betty, while the Time is true,  
We'll all your Ear commend:  
Still there's more  
To lead all four;  
Two by Nancy stand,  
And give her your Hand,  
Then cast her quickly down below,  
And meet her in the second Row:  
The DANCE is at an End.



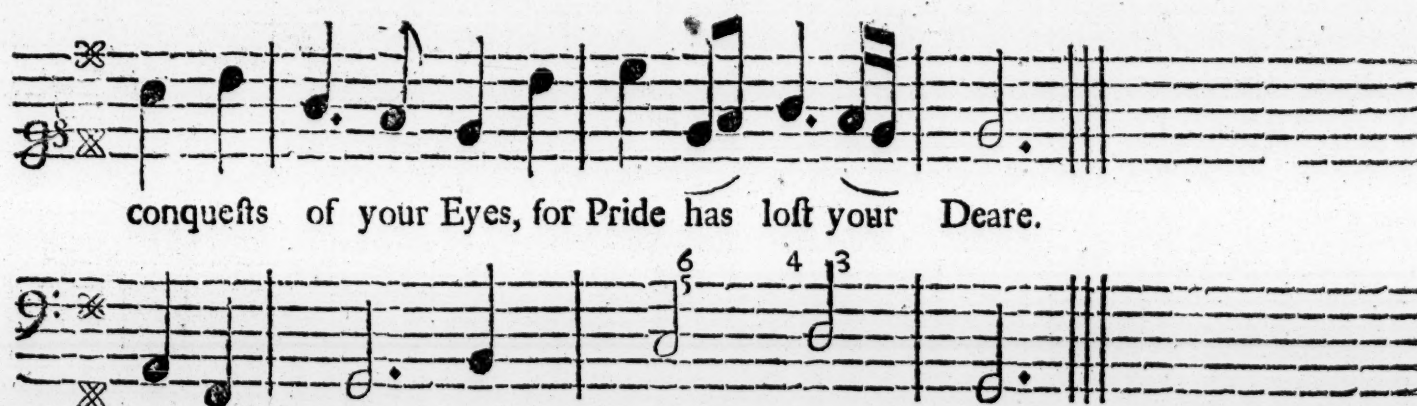
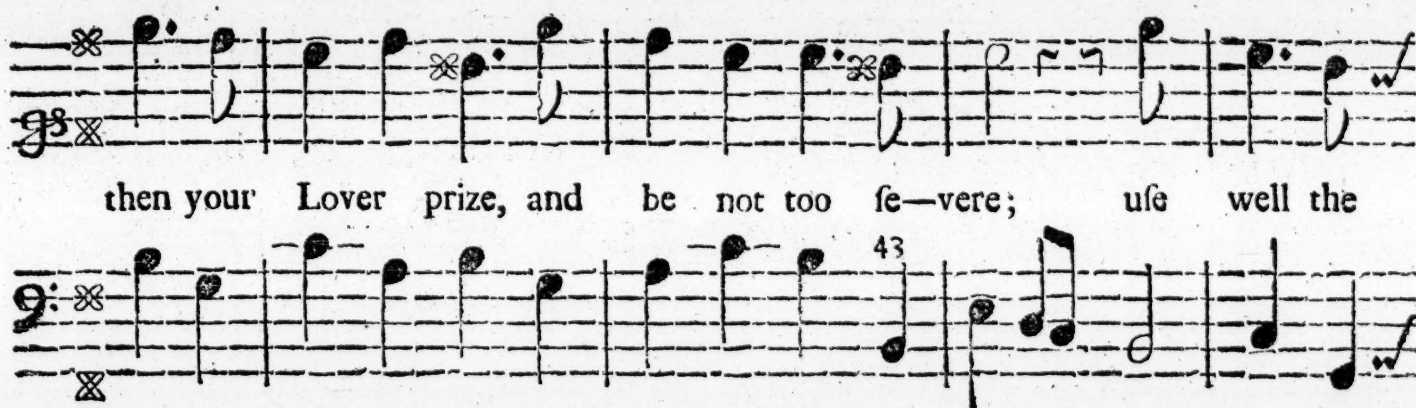
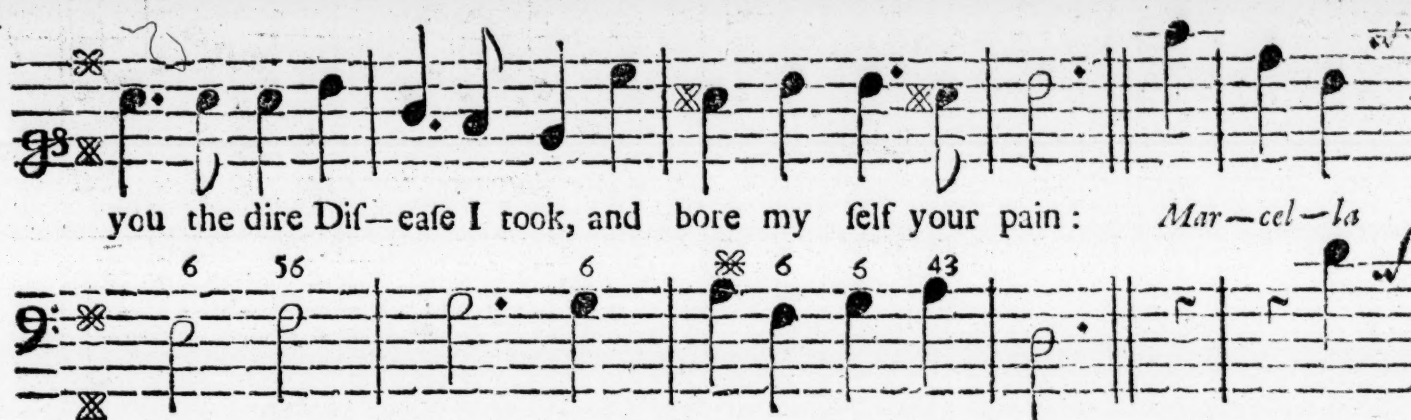
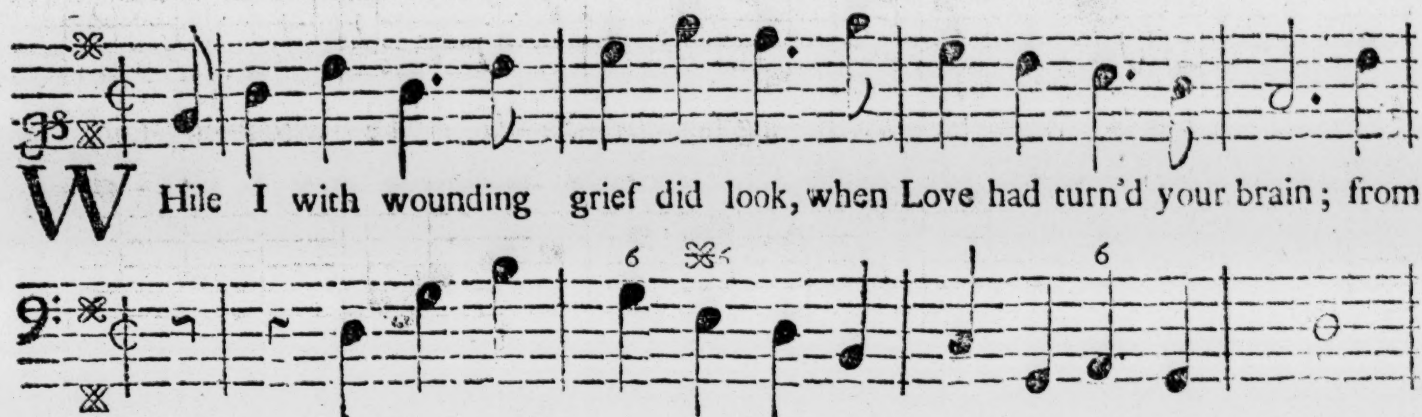
## A Song set by Mr. Robert King.

C Ease, cease, cease, cease fond *Amintas*; cease, cease, cease *Amin-tas* to complain, thy *Phil-*  
*-lis* feels not e-qual pain; As if the same concern were due, from  
 her in ab-sence as from you, she has suf-ficiency of her own, to  
 make her happy, hap — — — py tho' a-lone; she has suf-ficiency of her own,  
 to ma — — — ke her happy tho' a-lone,  
 to ma — — — ke her happy tho' a-lone.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in 3/4 time. It features various musical notations including notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score is divided into several systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: "Ease, cease, cease, cease fond *Amintas*; cease, cease, cease *Amin-tas* to complain, thy *Phil-*  
*-lis* feels not e-qual pain; As if the same concern were due, from  
her in ab-sence as from you, she has suf-ficiency of her own, to  
make her happy, hap — — — py tho' a-lone; she has suf-ficiency of her own,  
to ma — — — ke her happy tho' a-lone,  
to ma — — — ke her happy tho' a-lone."



A Song upon Mrs. Brace-girdle's Acting *Marcella*,  
in *Don-Quixote*, Set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.



## II.

*Ambrosio* treats your flames with scorn,  
And racks your tender mind;  
Withdraw your Frowns, and Smiles return,  
And pay him in his kind.

Yet Smiles again where Smiles are due,  
And my true Love esteem:  
For I much more doe rage for you  
Than you can burn for him.



A new Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell, in the Play call'd  
*Abdelazar.* Sung by the Boy.

U-cin-da is be-witch-ing fair, Lu-cin-da is be-witch-ing fair,

all o're, all o're in-ga-ging is her

Air; all o're, all o're, all o're in-ga-ging is her Air;

all o're, all o're in-gaging is her Air: In ev'ry Song Lu-

-cin-da, Lu-cinda, Lu-cinda's fam'd, She is the Queen of Love pro-



—claim'd, to all, to all, She does, She does, a Flame im—part, ex—pir—ing Victims,

ex—pir—ing, ex—piring Vic—tims feel her Dart; Lu- &c. Strephon for

her has Love ex—prest, Philan—der fighs, fighs, fighs to with the rest;

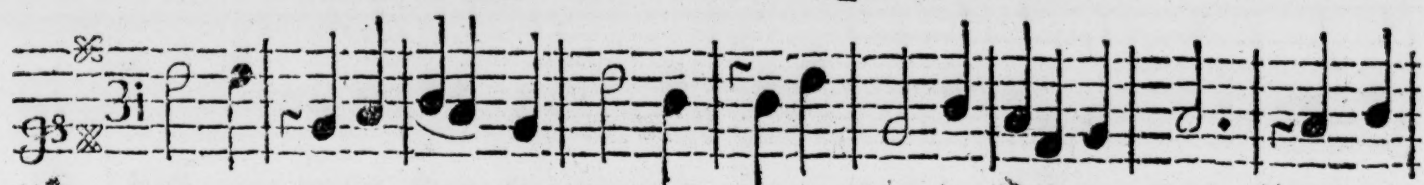
rack't, rack't with despair each one complains, un—

—mov'd, un—touch't, She all, She all She all, dis—dains. Lu—

End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:



## A Song set by Captain Pack.



A S K me not to Sing, dear creature, nor so much my Face be—hold; since you



know both Voice and Feature, Voice and Feature, so dis—order'd, so dis—



—order'd by a Cold: Must I Sing with—out a Voice, will you then



not, then not be con—tent? pray Sir play, nay be not nice, no mat—ter



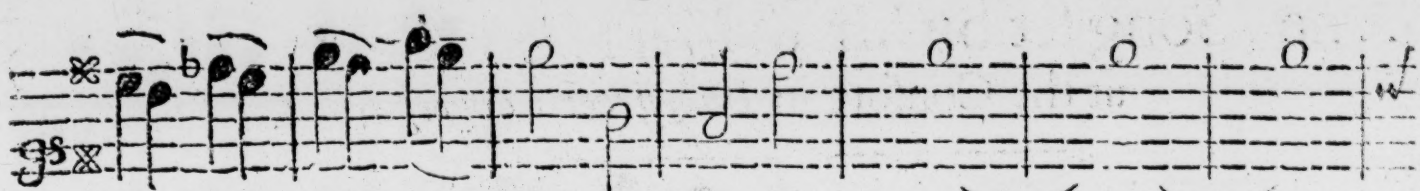
for an In—strument. Why these Reasons all in vain, must I what I



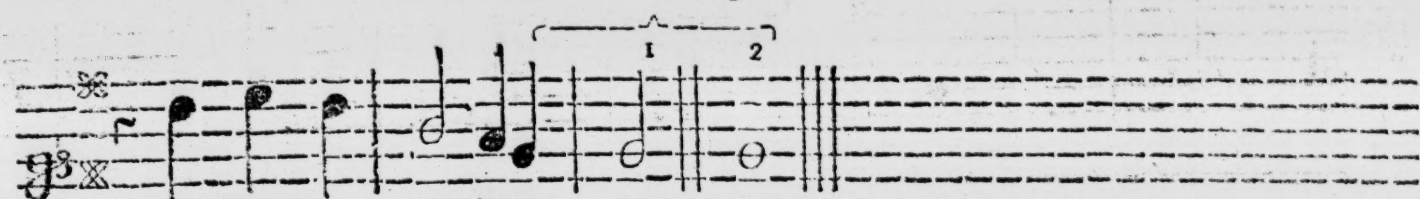
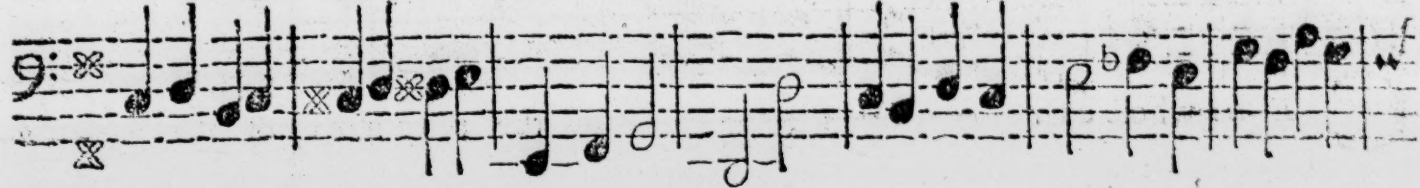
cannot doe? fair Cinthia, fair, fair Cinthia, oh I Sing, Sing in pain,







I Sing, Sing in pain, in pain, I vow,



you must ex—cuse me now.



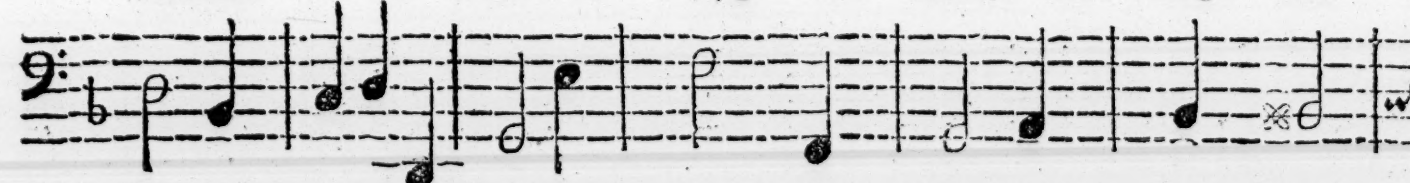
**H**ow happy are we Nymphs and Swains, here, neither Pride nor



En—vey reigns; no vain am—bi-tious thoughts mo—left, That qui-et



calmness of our breast; we Sing, we dance, we laugh and



play, we sport, we sport, and re—vel all the day.





A new Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger, Sung by the Boy  
at the Consort in Dukestreet Coventgarden.



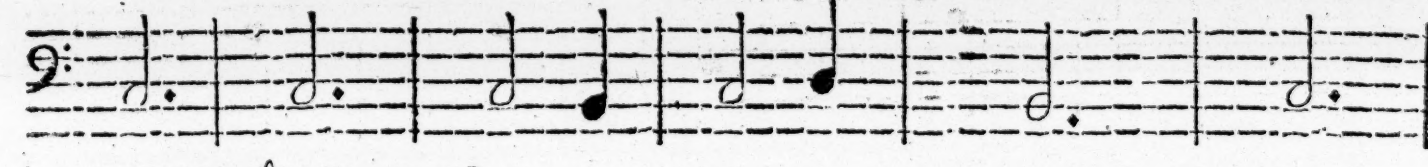
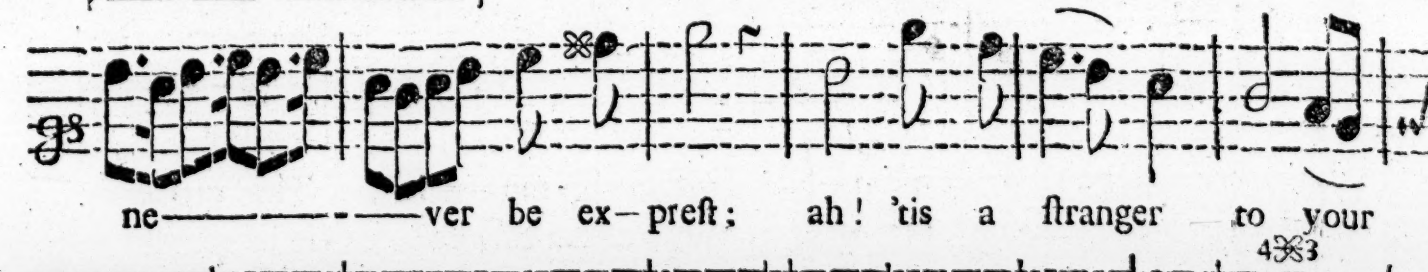
*E-lia* whose char—ms the ev'ry move, of the im—




mor—tal Gods a-bove, smiling askt me what is Love?



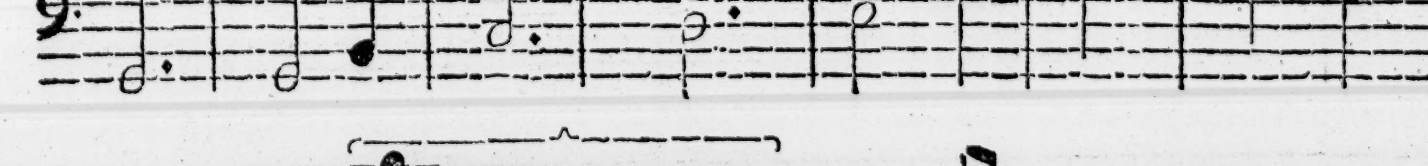

Fair Angel my Soul—'s posselt by what can never, never,

ne—ver be ex—prest; ah! 'tis a stranger to your




breast, if for ever, e-ver you can be from an e-qual pas—sion




free, why shou'd the God—s give life to me; must I oh blessed





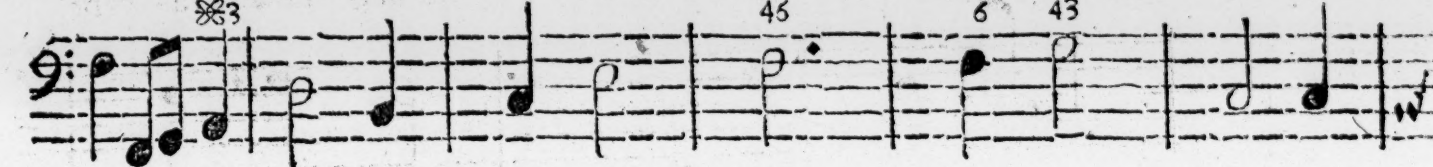
[ 11 ]



power's in vain, in vai—n, thus of my Being, still, still,



still com-plain, will you never end my pain; never, never end my pain; will you



ne—ver end my pain, ne—ver end my pain.



A New Song.



H A d Me—la—mis—sa gent—ly sway'd, gent—ly, gent—ly



sway'd the Scep—ter that She bore, her sub—ject I had



still obey'd, and hugg'd, and hugg'd the chain I wore :

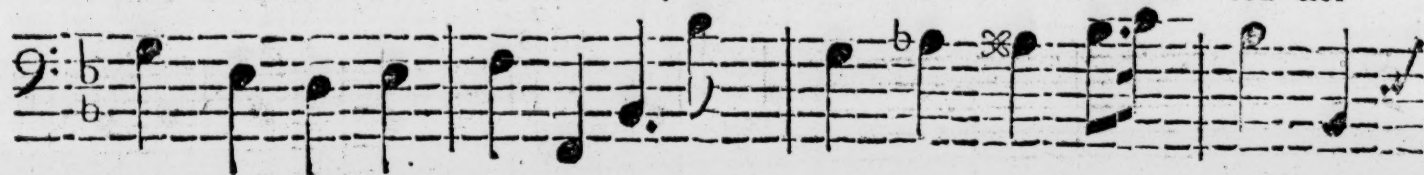


Turn over.





But since by boundless ty—ran—ny she for— fit—ted her



right, the throne now vacant, I'm left free, the throne now va—cant



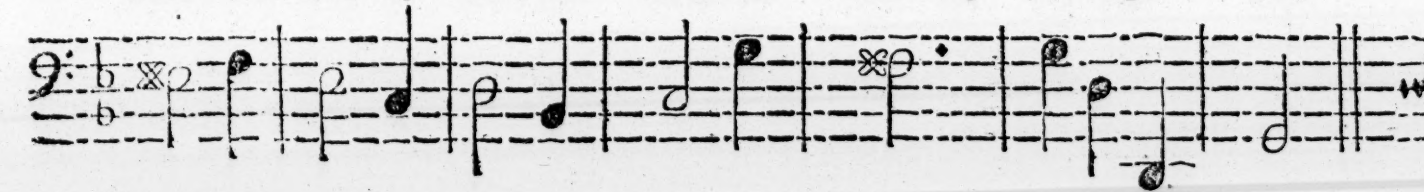
I'm left free, I'm left free, a—no—ther to in—vite: Come



Syl—via then vouch—safe to wear the ab—di—ca—ted Crown, thy go—vern—



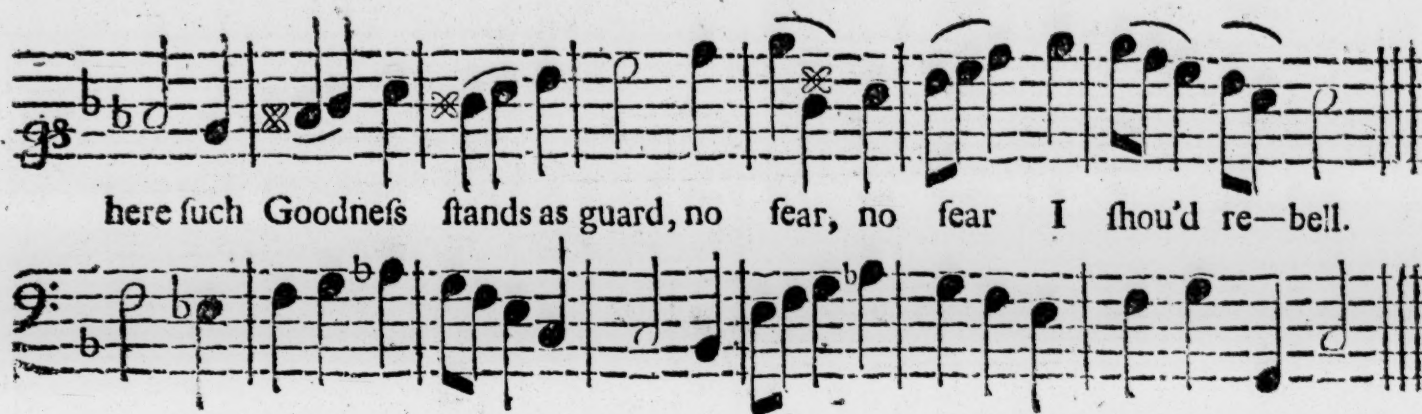
—ment I'll free—ly bear, and thee, and thee my sov'reign own.



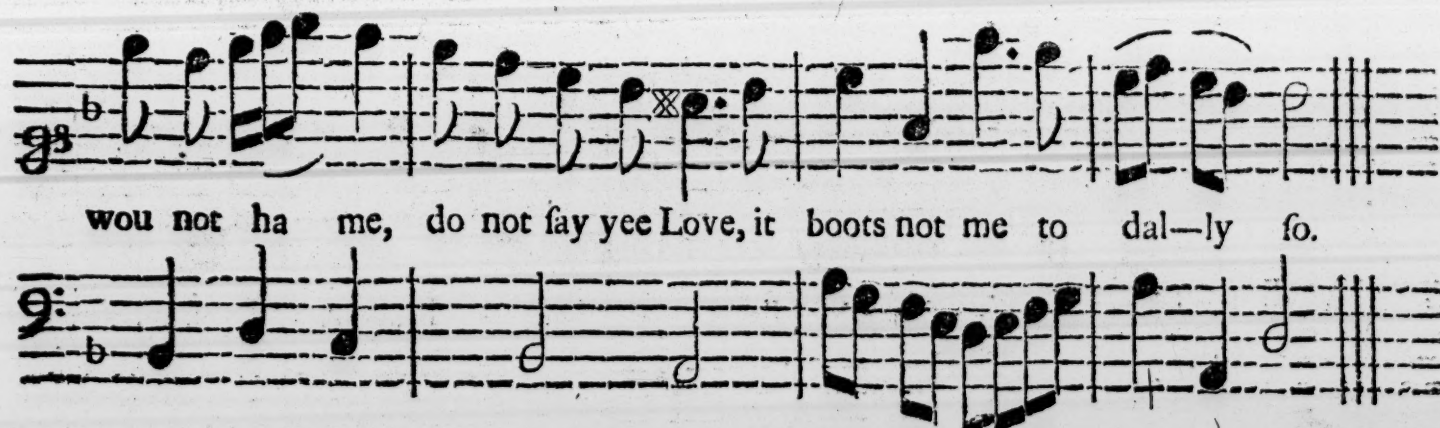
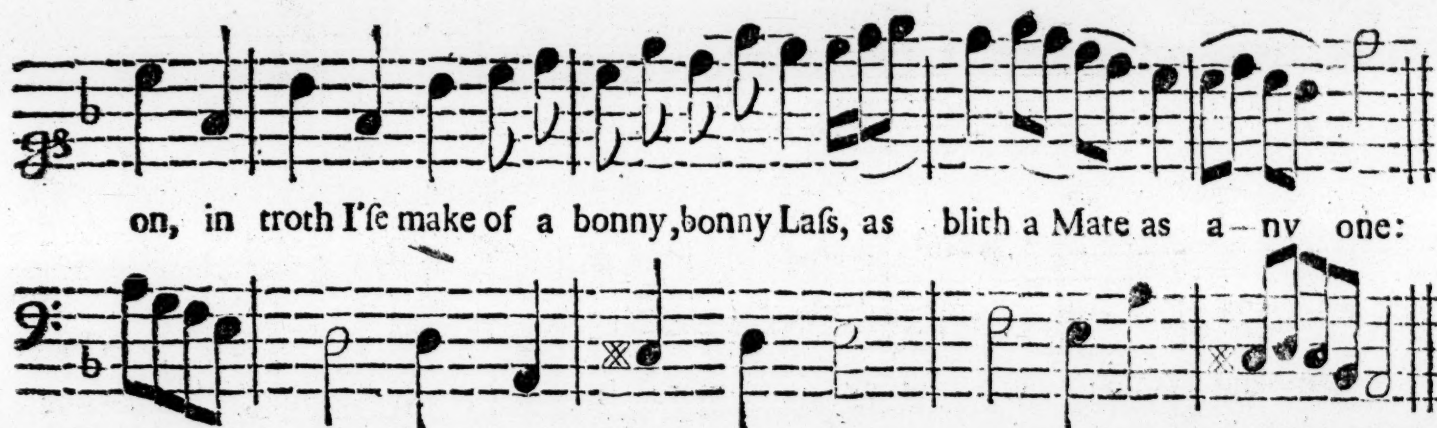
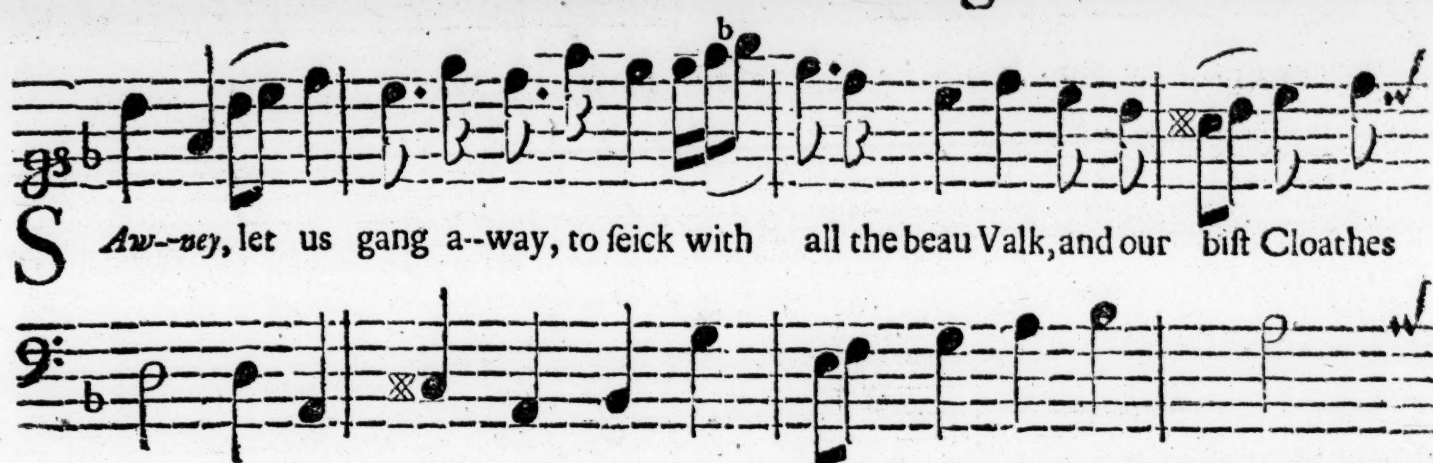
Ill u—sage there, did to dif—cord al—le—giance me com—pell; But







### A New Scotch Song.





A Song fet by Mr. Robert King, Sung at the Confort  
in York-Buildings.

Tre-phon why wou'd you deceive me, all your lit-tle Arts are lost;

you shall if you can be-lieve me, never, nev-er in my ru-ine

boast: If you'd see my pas-sion raging, you must change your

rambling Scene; con-stant-cy is more, is more in-gaging, than your

Will, or Fan-ty Mien. But oh! constan-cy's a stranger, to your

Modish fic-kle mind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must shew



my self un-kind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must

shew my self un-kind.

An Epithalamium, set by Mr. Robert King.

He la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too of-ficious light,

The la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too officious light, and leaves the

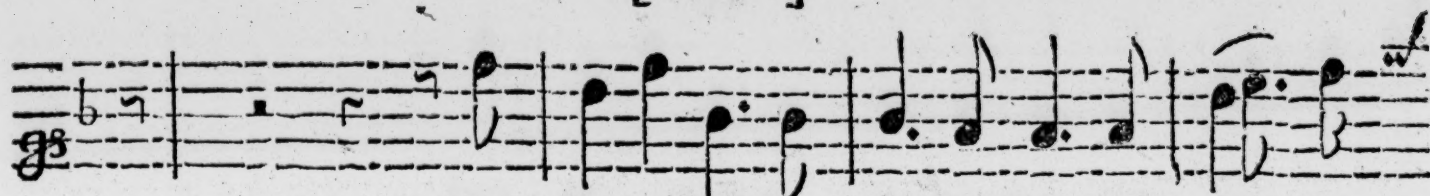
and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Turn over.





Had *Thetis*, Mistress of the Sun, half *Me — li —*



Had *Thetis* Mistress, had *Thetis* Mistress of the Sun, half *Me — li —*



—o—ra's Charms, the God his Course had swif—ter run, had



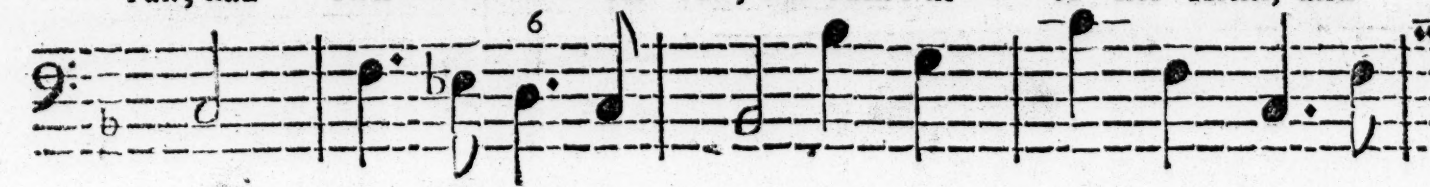
—o—ra's Charms, the God his Course had swif—ter



swif—ter run, and rush't in—to her Arms, and



run, had swif—ter run, and rush't in—to her Arms, and



rush't, and rush't in—to her Arms.



rush't, and rush't in—to her Arms.



II.

To Bed, to Bed, ye happy Pair,  
The important NOW enjoy ;  
You'll find a thousand fond Ways there,  
Each minute to employ.

Transported with too eager Bliss,  
Love's mystick ways you'll try ;  
And in a wonderfull Abyss  
Of Rapturs both will dye.



But oh! ye am-<sup>or</sup>-rons pow'rs a-bove, who fill the glitt'ring Court of Jove; which of you

*But oh! ye am'rous pow'rs a-bove, who still the glittering Court of Jove;*

*which of you all, which of you all, all, all, blest as you are, would not*

wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I—mor—tal—li—ty;

be, wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I—mor—talli—ty;

*so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet a death to die.*

So sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet, so sweet a death to die.

F



A New Song set by Mr. Robert King.

W Hilft on *Me-la-nis-sa* gazing, I survey'd each pleasing grace; tempted to a

soft embracing, I ap-proach her Beauteous Face; wherewith endless rap-tures

Kissing, I cou'd breath my Soul a-way; but my Eyes their pleasures missing,

Chide my Lips too long de-lay.

II.  
 Least the Eye shou'd loose its longing,  
 I a while quit t'other blifs;  
 Till my Lips their loss bemoaning,  
 Prompt me to a second Kifs.  
 Thus perpetually renewing,  
 Those two never fading joys;  
 Kissing her by turns and Viewing,  
 Pleas'd I feast both Lips and Eyes.

A New Song.

L Et the Women be gone, drive the *Sy-rens* a-way; whose Charms do de-

Let the Women be gone, drive the *Sy-rens* a-way; whose Charms do de-

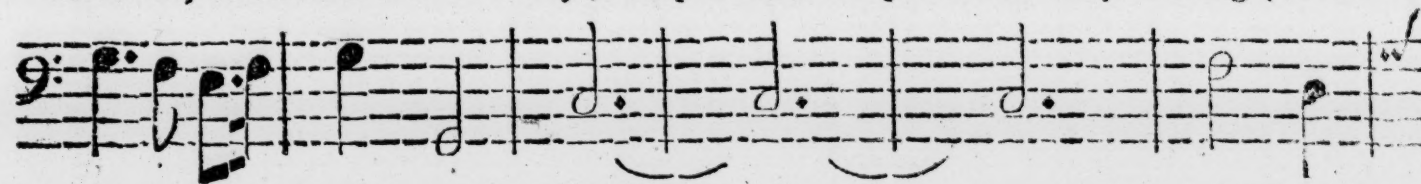




—ceive us, and Smiles but be—tray ; the pleasure, the plea—sure they bring proves



—ceive us, and Smiles but be—tray ; the pleasure, the plea—sure they bring proves



of—ten a Curse, for when once we have took 'em for Better for Worfe, we



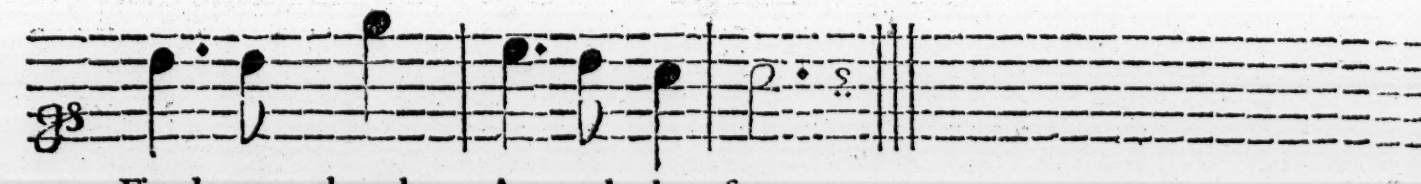
of—ten a Curse, for when once we have taken 'em for Better for Worfe, we



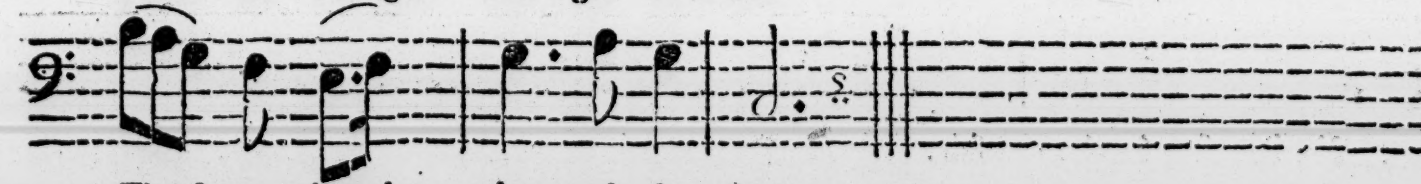
Nausc'ate the Toy we late did a—dore ; and call her a



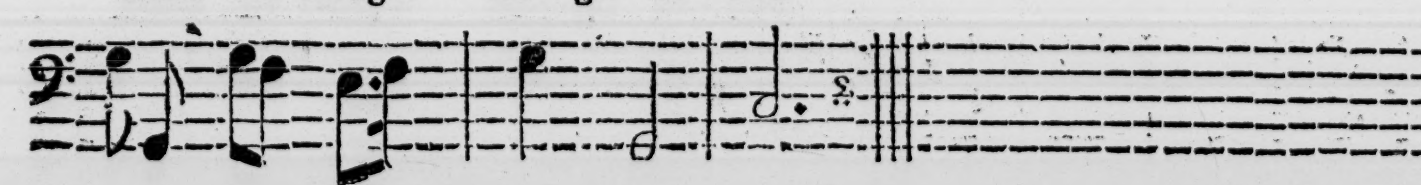
Nausc'ate the Toy we late did a—dore ; and call her a



Fiend we thought An—gel be—fore.



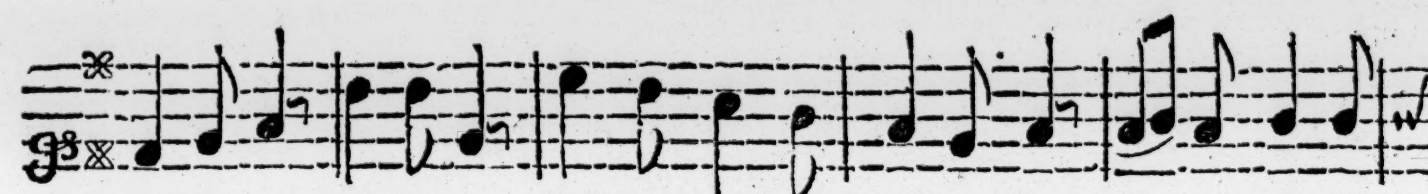
Fiend we thought An—gel be—fore.







N One wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re-sist this



God with care ; No, no, no, none wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re-sist this



God with care ; But they that know not what it is to yeild, to the conquest,



to the con-quest of the fair; to the conquest, to the



con-quest of the fair.





A New Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

O

Ur Hearts are touch't with sacred fires, with sacred

fires: our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires;

our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires: A gen'rous

heat our Souls in—spire, A gen'rous heat our Souls in—spire,

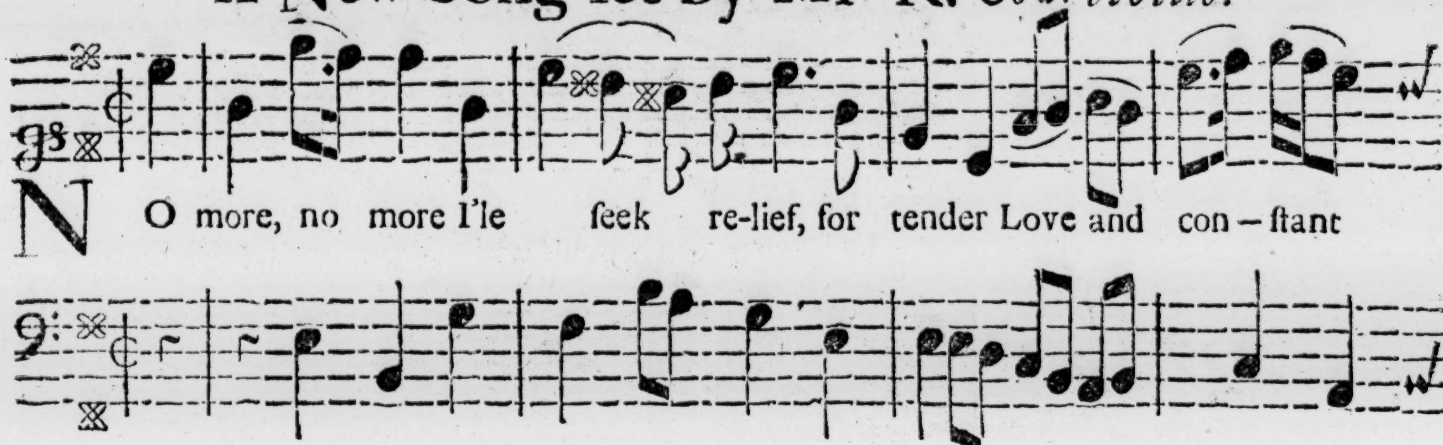
with rap—ture, and with soft de—fire, with

rap—ture, and with soft de—fire.

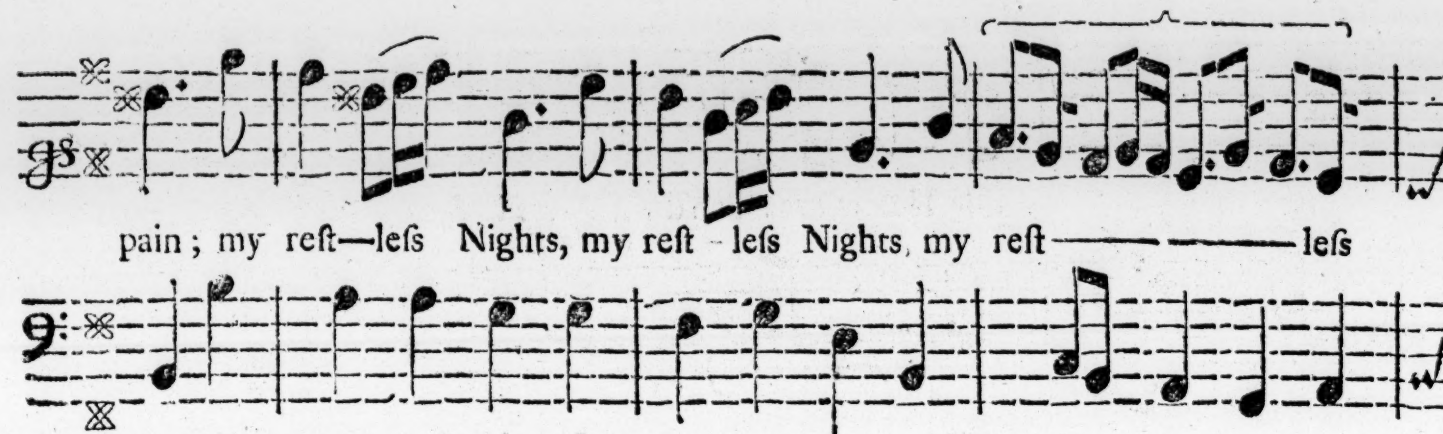
G



A New Song set by Mr. R. Courtiville.



N O more, no more I'll seek re-lief, for tender Love and con-stant



pain; my rest-less Nights, my rest-less Nights, my rest——less



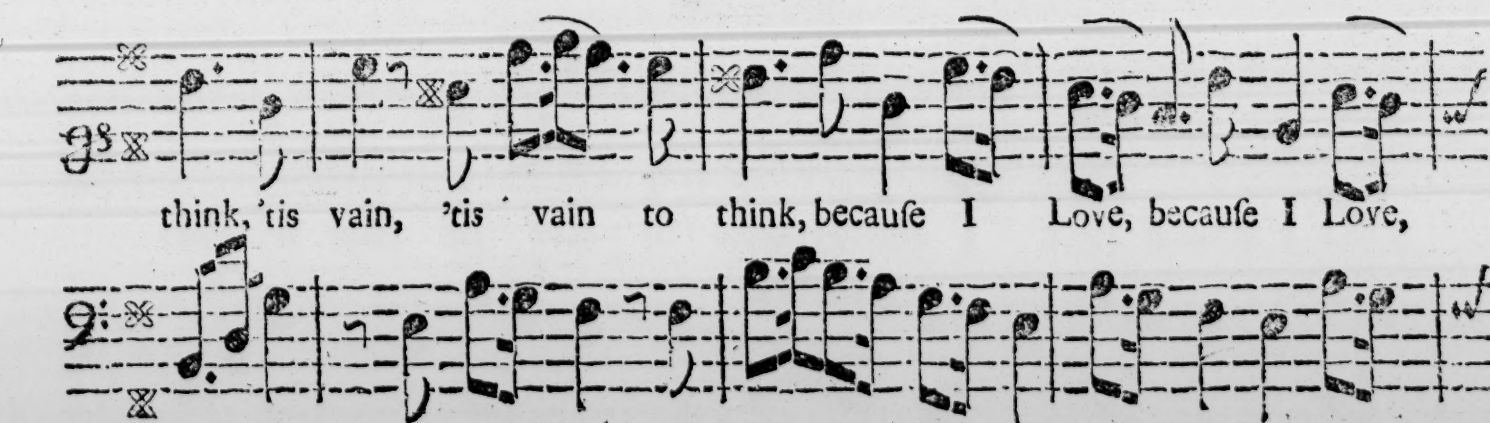
Nights and dai-ly grief, and dai-ly grief sure on-ly to increase dis-dain:



The humble, hum——ble suppliant scorn does move, and Me-rit,



me——rit seldom, seldom meets return; 'tis vain to



think, 'tis vain, 'tis vain to think, because I Love, because I Love,



Love, she must with equal, she must with equal  
 — equal pas— sion burn, she burn.

A New Song set by Mr. William Turner.

A H! Cru-el Youth why hast thou took a Heart I with such care still kept it  
 as my own; loath and un-willing it was to de-part, for fear of meet-ing  
 no re—turn. But now 'tis gone, gone past re-trieve, has quitted his a—  
 — bode, and ne—ver ask'd me leave.

II.

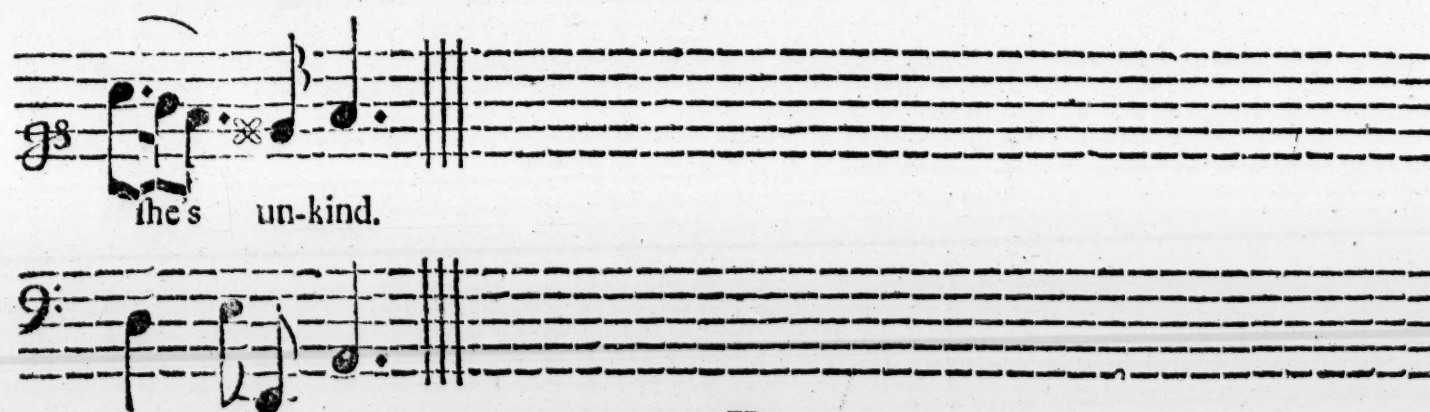
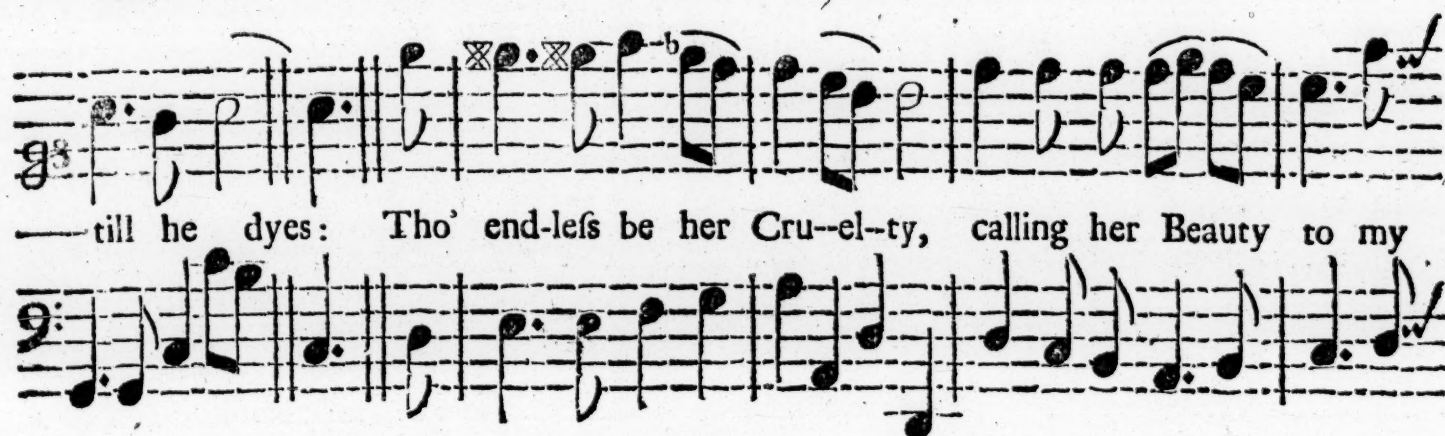
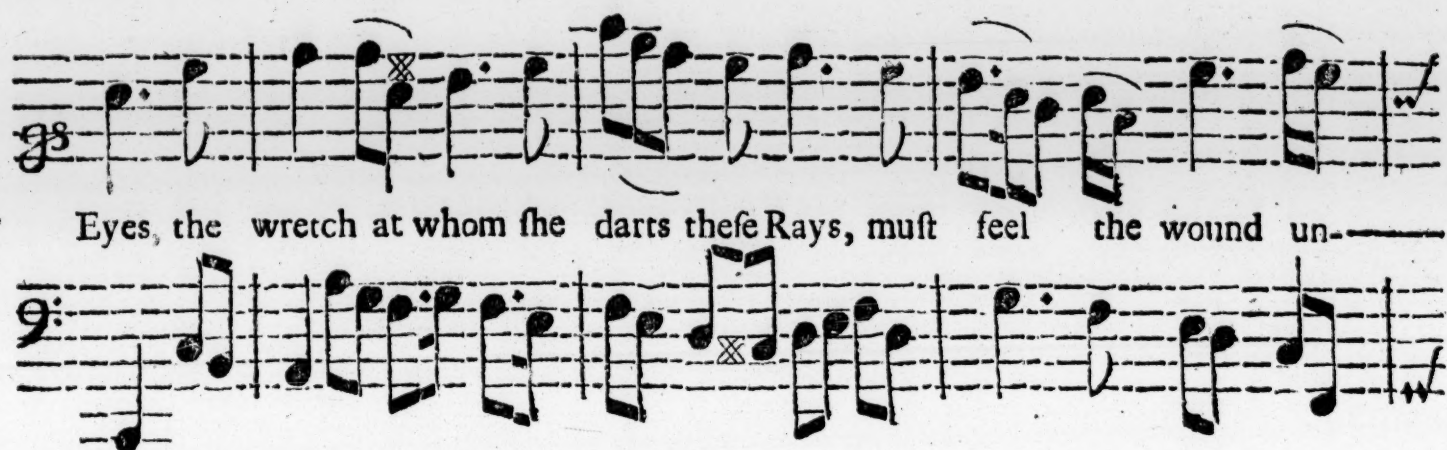
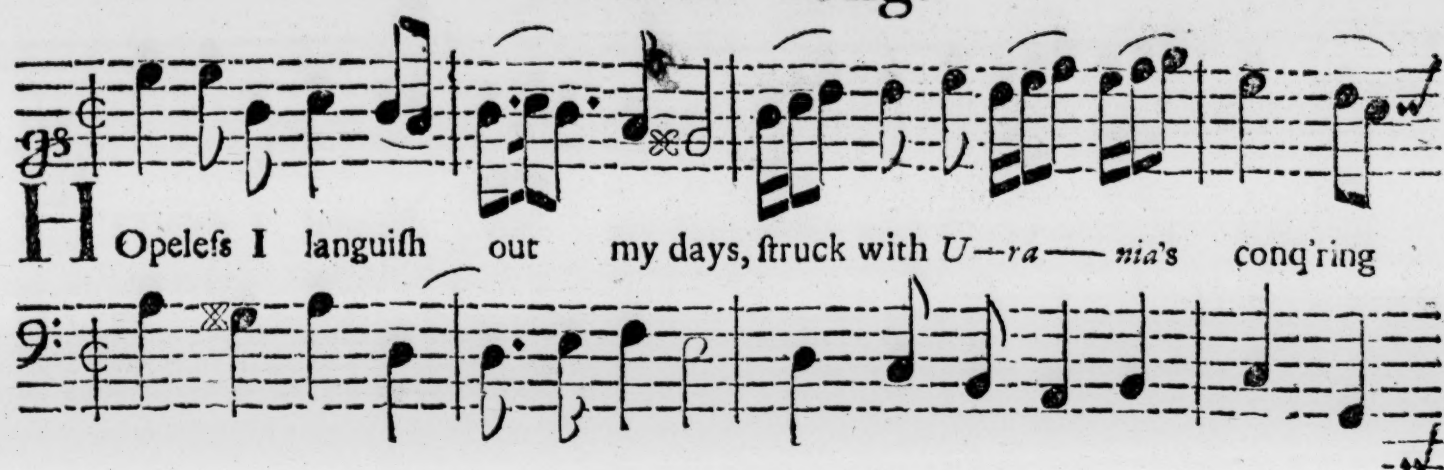
Sure he's a Charm beyond all Human kind,  
 Else he cou'd ne're have pierc'd my fickle breast;  
 I, who was ne're to buy Love inclin'd,  
 Am his slave and robb'd of all my rest:  
 S: My Heart is fled, fled past recall,  
 This Covetous Love (I fear) has grasp'd it all.

III.

When first I saw him 'twas with no design,  
 But only curious humour to oblige;  
 Yet was his Sence, His Tongue, both so divine,  
 'Gainst his Charms I nothing cou'd alledge:  
 S: But found too late I must submit,  
 As due to both his Goodness, and engaging Wit.



[ 24 ]  
A New Song.



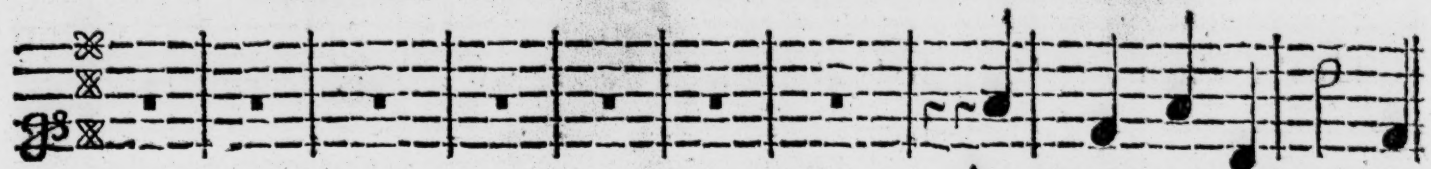
II.

Reason this tameness does upbraid,  
Proffring to Arm in my defence;  
But, when I call her to my aid,  
She's more a Traytor than my Friend :  
No sooner I the War declare,  
But strait her Succour she denies ;  
And joyning Forces with the Fair,  
Confirms the Conquest of her Eyes.



A Song in the last New Play call'd, (*Love for Love*.)

Sung by Mr. Pate, Set by Mr. John Eccles



A Nymph and a Swain, a

Nymph and a Swain to *A-pollo* once pray'd; the Swain had been Jilted, the Swain had

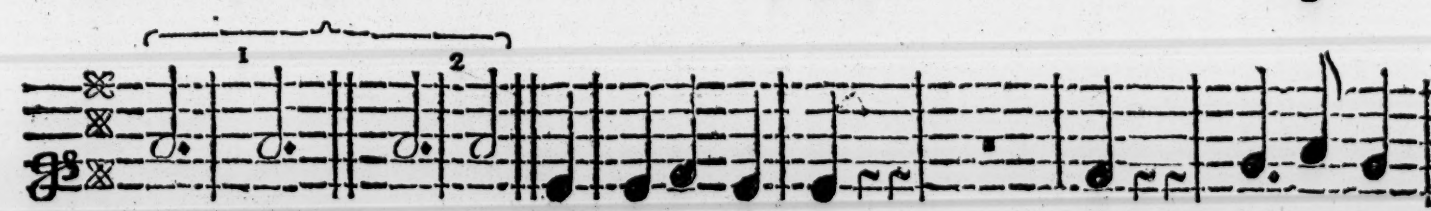
been Jilted, been Jilted, the Nymph been be—tray'd :



They'r in-tent was to try if this Oracle knew, e're a Nymph, e're a Nymph,



e're a Nymph that was Chast, that was Chast, or a Swain that was



true :

*A-pol-lo* was mute;

mute, mute, and had





like t'have been pos'd, had like, had like t'have been pos'd, but Sagely

fage—ly, fagely at length, but fagely, fage—ly, fagely at length, at

length he this secret dis—clos'd: He, he a-lone, he, he a-lone won't,

won't be—tray, won't, won't betray, in whom none, none, none will con—fi

—de; and the Nymph, the Nymph may be Chast, Chast, may be, may be, may be,

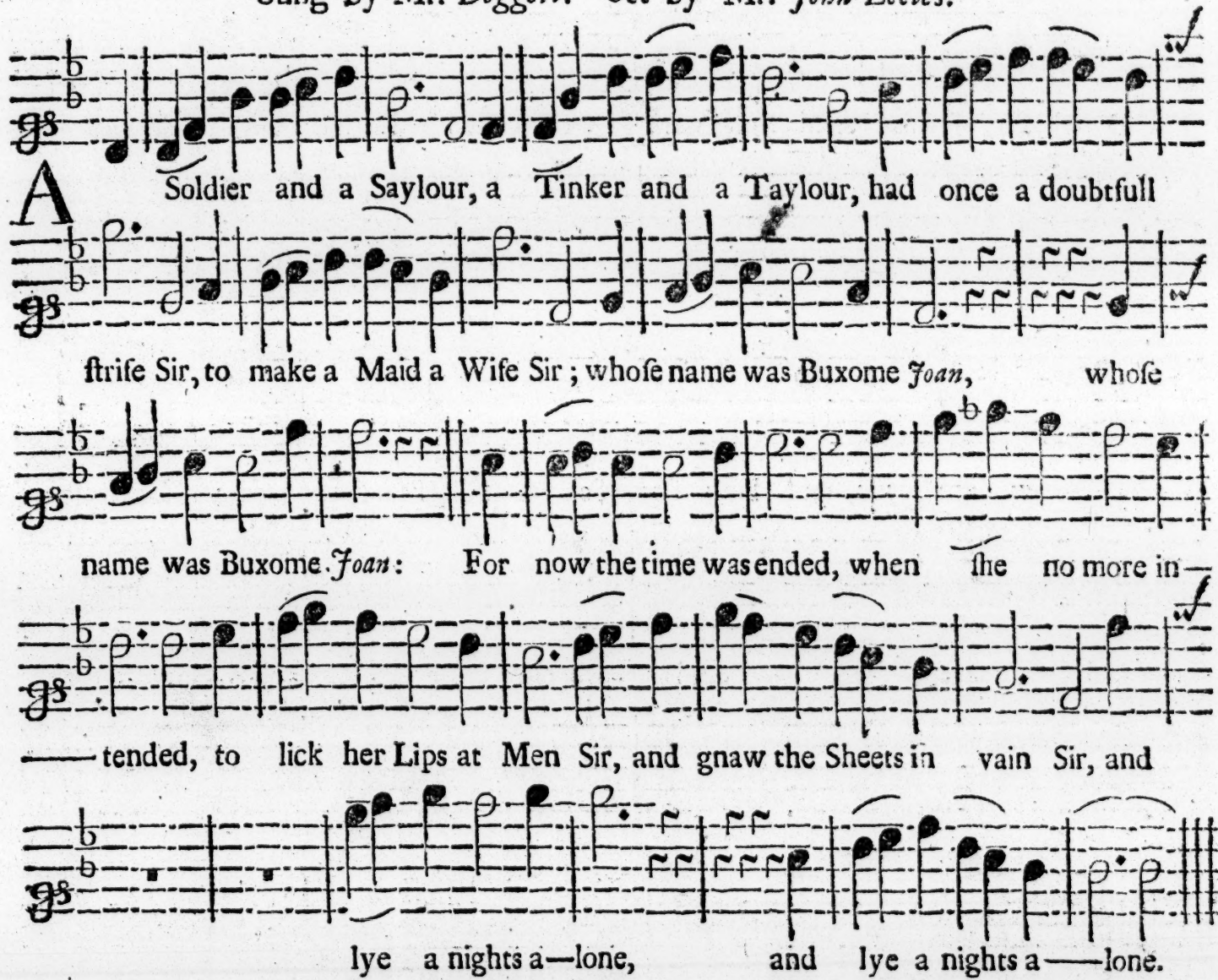
may be, the Nymph may be chast, that has ne-ver been try'd; that has





never, never, never, never, never has, never, that never has, never has,  
 never been try'd. try'd that has try'd.

The Sailers Song in the last new Play call'd (*Love for Love.*)  
 Sung by Mr. Doggett. Set by Mr. John Eccles.



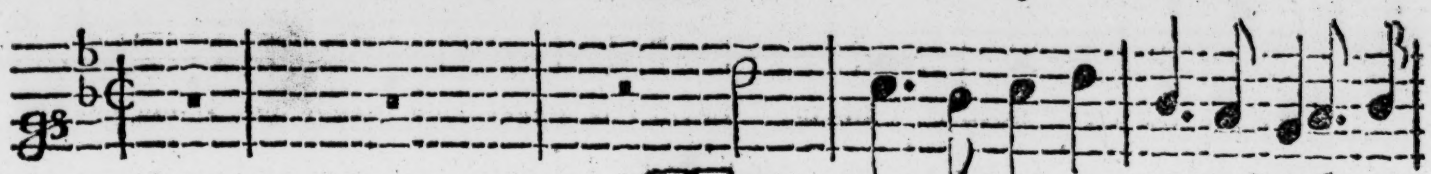
**A** Soldier and a Saylour, a Tinker and a Taylour, had once a doubtfull  
 strife Sir, to make a Maid a Wife Sir; whose name was Buxome Joan, whose  
 name was Buxome Joan: For now the time was ended, when she no more in-  
 tended, to lick her Lips at Men Sir, and gnaw the Sheets in vain Sir, and  
 lye a nights a—lone, and lye a nights a—lone.

**II.**  
 The Soldier swore like Thunder,  
 He lov'd her more than Plunder;  
 And shew'd her many a Scar Sir,  
 Which he had brought from far Sir,  
 With Fighting for her sake.  
 The Taylour thought to please her,  
 With offering her his measure;  
 The Tinker too with Mettle,  
 Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,  
 And stop up ev'ry Leak.

**III.**  
 But while these three were prating,  
 The Saylour flyly waiting;  
 Thought if it came about Sir,  
 That they shou'd all fall out Sir,  
 He then might play his part,  
 And just e'n as he meant Sir,  
 To Loggerheads they went Sir;  
 And then he let fly at her,  
 A shot 'twixt Wind and Water,  
 Which won this fair Maids Heart.



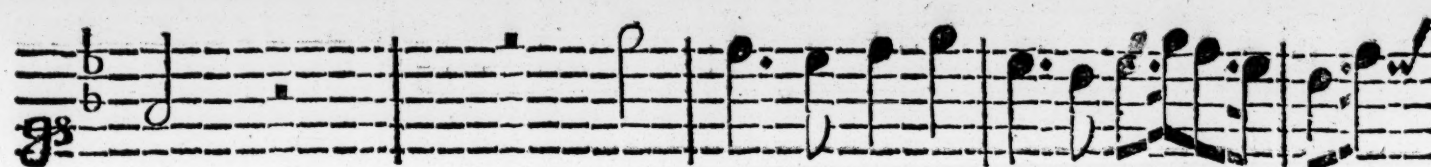
## A Two Part Song by Mr. Henry Parcell.



Two Daughters of this Aged stream are



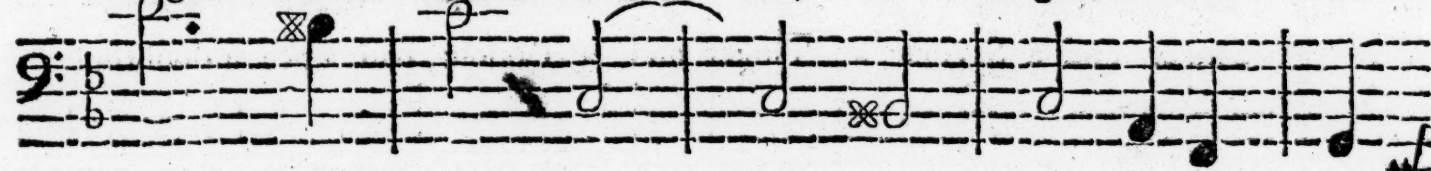
Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we, Two



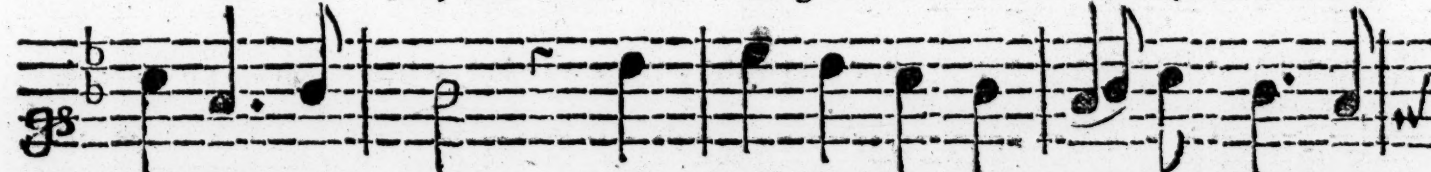
we, two Daughters of this aged stream—



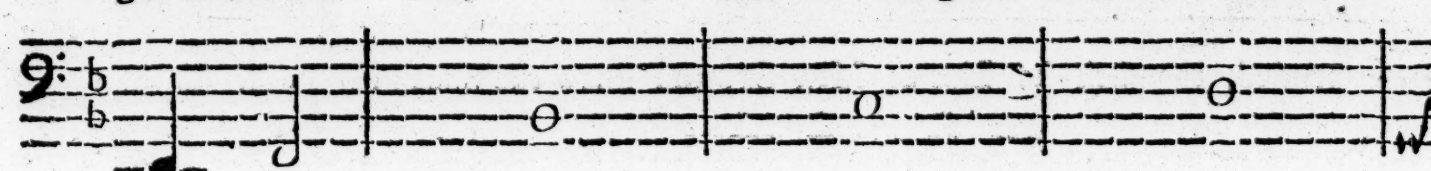
Daughters of this aged stream are wee, two Daughters of this a—



m are we, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd, and both our



ged stream are we, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd for



Sea—green Cocks have comb'd, have comb'd for yee; come, come, come, come



yee, and both our Sea-green Cockshave comb'd for yee; come, come,



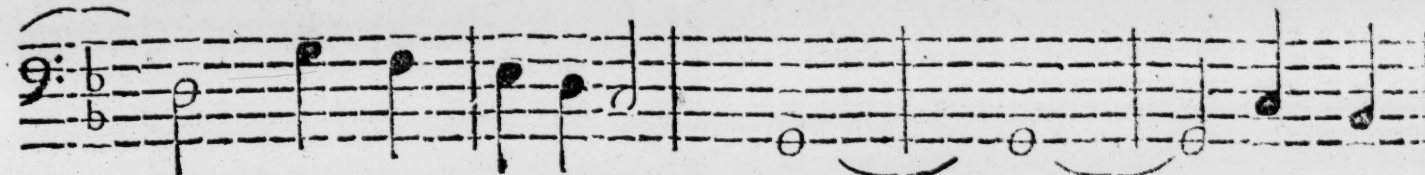




bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na--ked in for



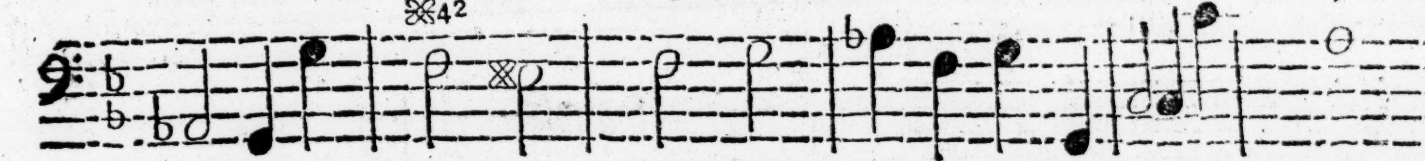
bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na--ked in for



we are so, what danger, what danger from a na-ked foe;



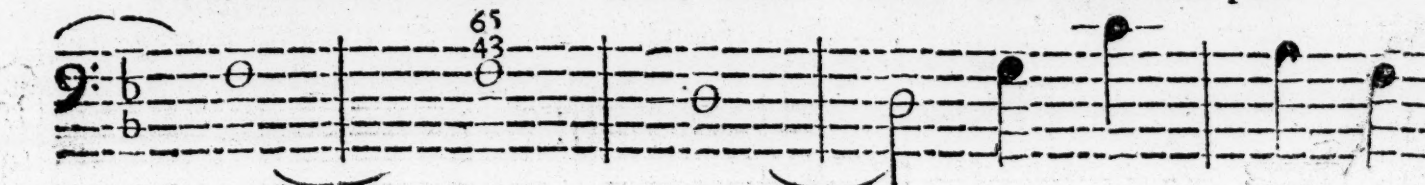
we are so, what danger, from a na-ked foe; come, come,



come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea



come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea



fures in the Floods ap--pear; we'll beat the Waters



fures in the Floods ap--pear; we'll beat the Waters till they



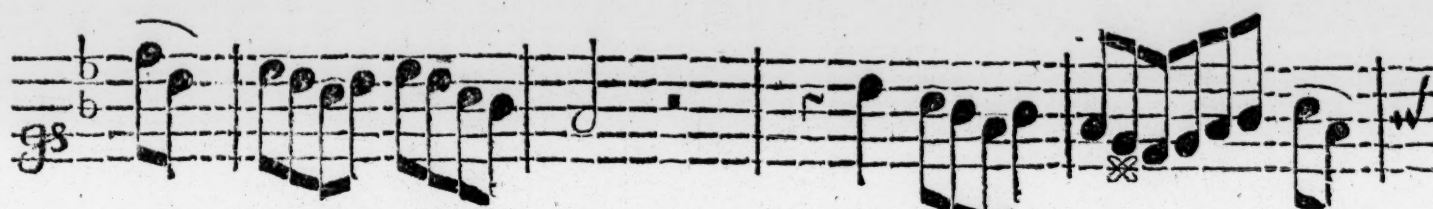
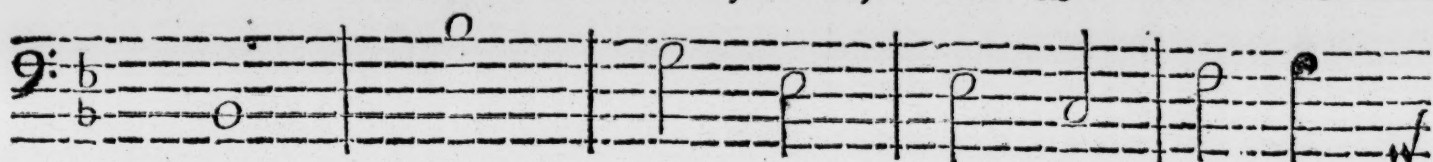




till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir—



bound we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir—



—cle roun—d, and cir—cle



—cle roun—d, and cir—cle



roun—d, and cir—cle round.



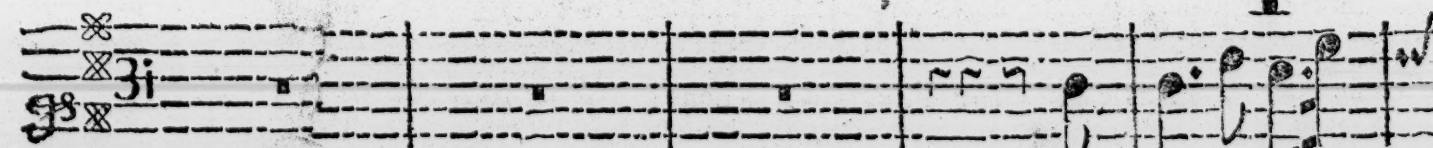
roun—d, and cir—cle round.



Mr. Picket's Song, Sung at St. Celia's Feast, by Mr. Robart.



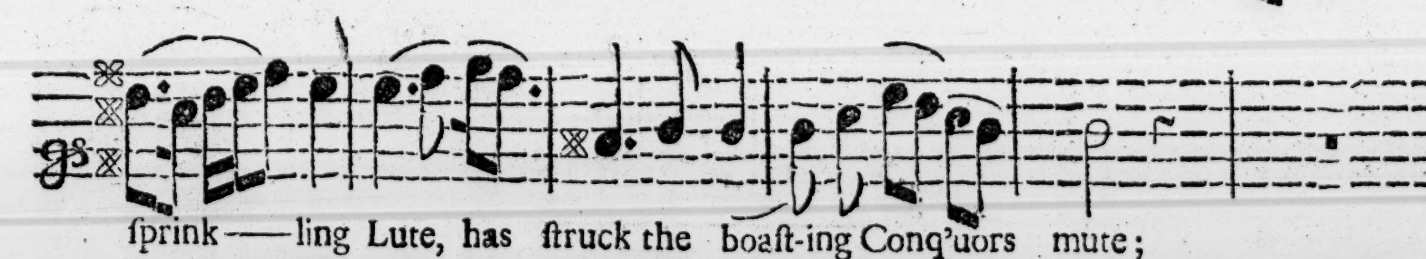
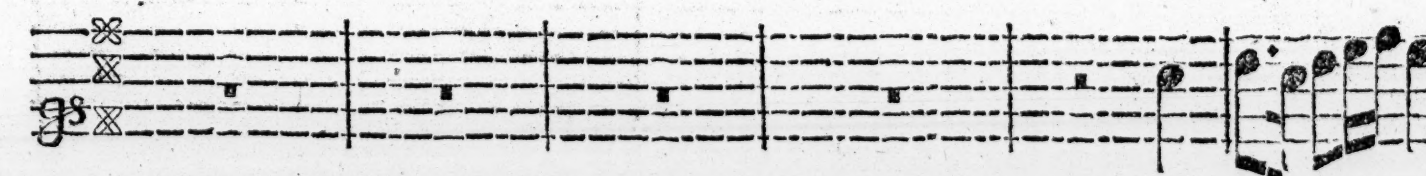
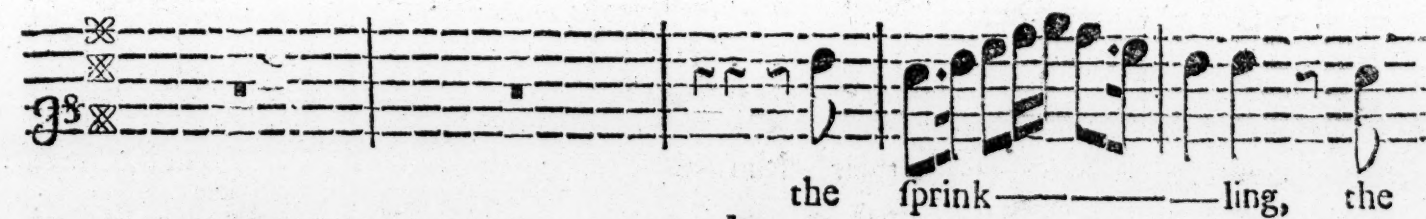
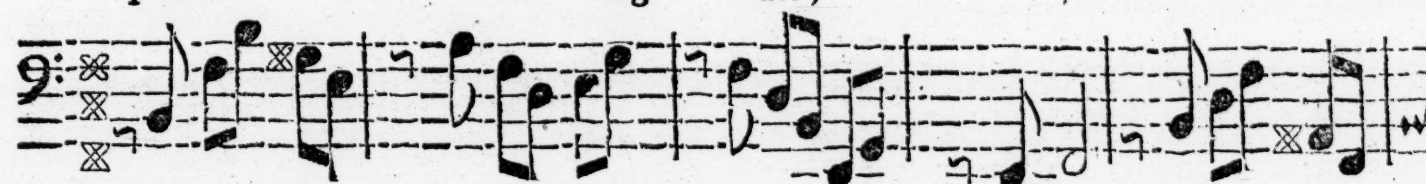
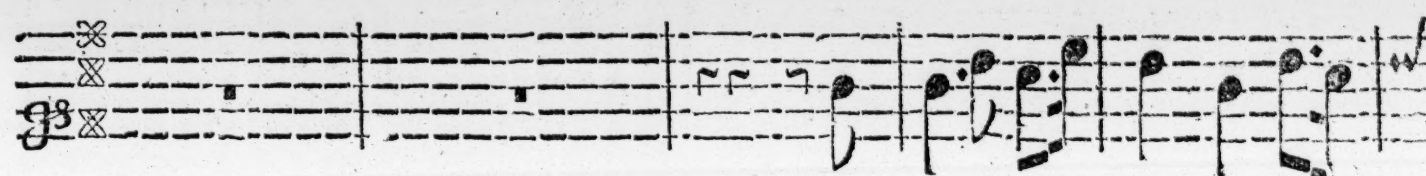
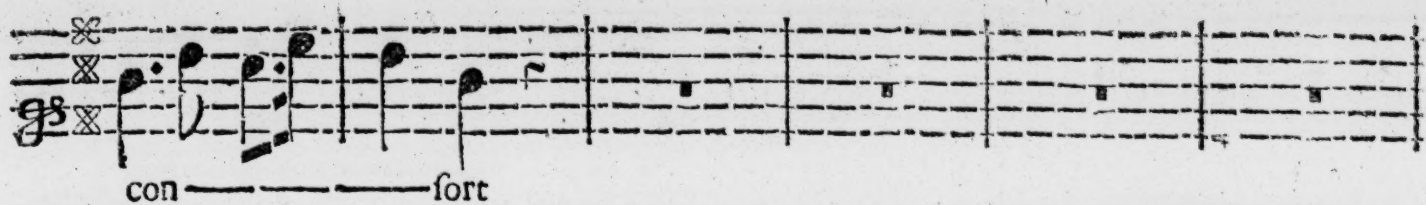
The



The Con



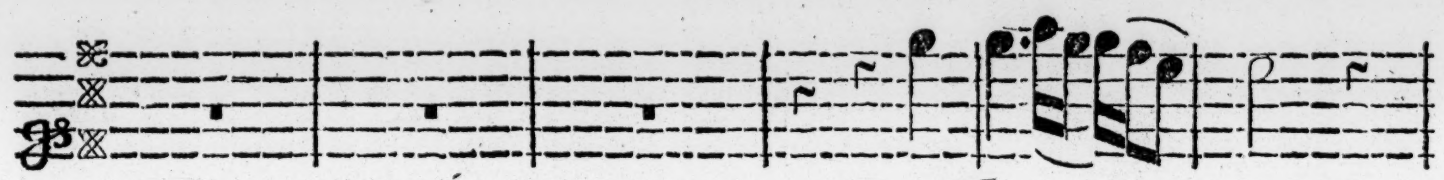




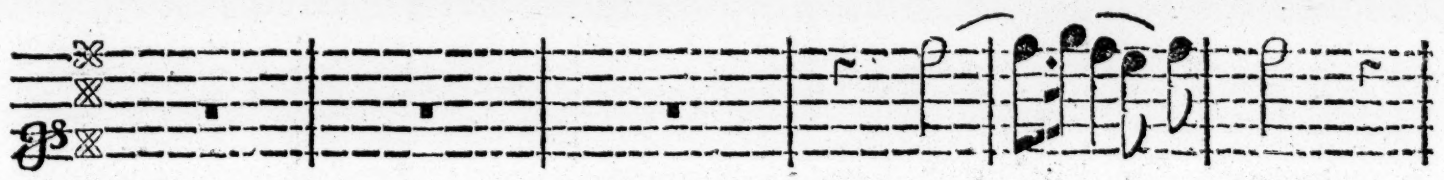




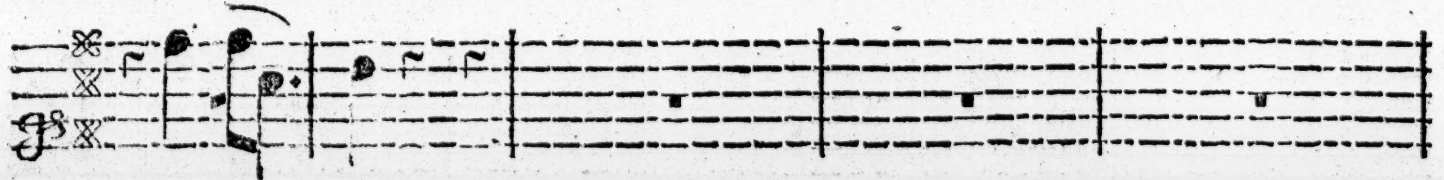
Hearts now like it trem—



ble and grieve, Souls like



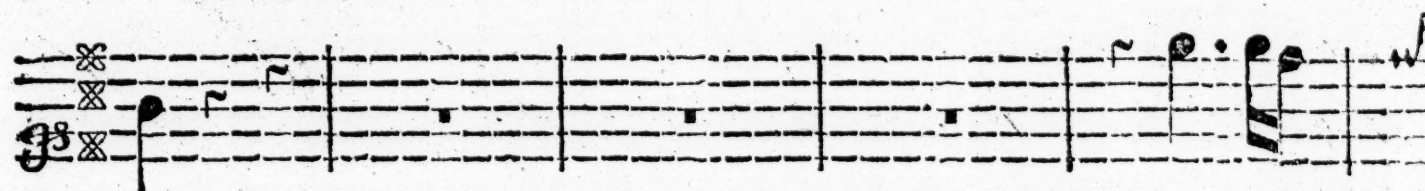
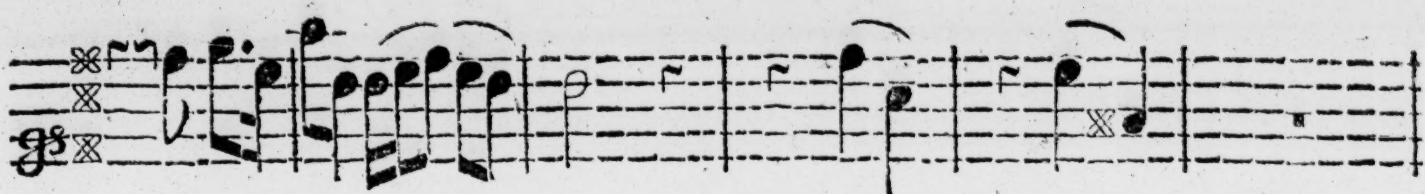
Sound — s their Man--fi— ons touch, touch,



touch, touch, the dan — cing Strings a—










A New Song.




IN—ful—ting Beau—ty you mis—spend your frowns up—on your



slave, your scorn against such Re—bels bend, who dare with con—fi—



—dence pretend that o—ther Eyes, that o—ther Eyes their Hearts defend; from



all, all, all, from all the Charms you have.

II.

Your conquering Eyes so partiall are,  
Or Mankind is so dull;  
That while I Languish in despair,  
Many proud senseless Hearts declare,  
They find you not :S: so killing fair,  
To wish——you mercifull.

III.

They—an inglorious freedom boast,  
I Triumph in my Chain;  
Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' lost,  
Nor you unpunish'd, tho' unjust,  
When I alone :S: who love you most,  
Am kill'd——with your disdain.

F I N I S.





